

ferred hospitality and protection. It only needed Hutten's impulsive arguments to carry this rough, scantily educated, but shrewd and open-minded fellow Ritter clean over to the cause of progress. It was during the winter evenings of 1520-21 that these two kindred spirits communed in the old Ebernburg over the burning questions of the hour—religious as well as patriotic—and the warrior spirit of Franz took fire as the bold doctrines of Luther were expounded to him by Hutten. "And does any one dare to undermine these truths, or think that he can if he tries?" burst out Franz. He became a confirmed Lutheran, but in his Lutheranism there was a strong dash of Hutten as well as of the rough Reichsritter. Behind Luther, as behind Hus, rose the figure of Zizka. Sickingen will play the *rdle* of a second Zizka. "Did not Zizka," Hutten makes Franz say in one of these firebrand pamphlets, born of these winter evening communions in the old Ebernburg, "free his country from oppression, banish idle priests and monks, restore their property to the heirs of those who founded the orders, or apply it to the public good? Did he not put an end to Roman interference and rapacity, avenge the sainted Hus, and all this without enriching himself?" To this *role* of Zizka, Franz should add that of the champion of the knightly order, the Reichsritter, yea, even of the free cities against the princes—their common enemy—against those insolent capitalists and monopolists who plunder the small merchant as well as the knight, those tyrannic magnates who control "the Diet and threaten the interests of knights and middle class alike. True, knight and merchant were sworn enemies, for the Raubritter plundered, mutilated, murdered on every highway of Germany, and especially in this rich Rhineland country, where Franz himself had been at feud with city as well as territorial magnate these long years past. But the old enmity which threatened their complete undoing must, in Hutten's fervid doggerel, give place to a brotherly union for the common interest.

"Ye pious cities give your hand,"

exhorts Hutten in "The Wrongs of the Free Cities of the German Nation,"